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By T. R. HARRISON,

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True Northerner.

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CLIPPINGS.

AN INDIAN LOVER.—Miss Bishop, the writer of "Floral Home," who went to Minnesota as a teacher, received an offer of marriage from an Indian. He came to her dwelling decked in all his finery—scarlet flannel, rings, feathers, newly scoured brass ornaments and bear's claws—and through an interpreter announced to her that she must be his wife. It was urged that he had one wife. He replied, "All the band have as many as they can keep, and I have but one." As an extra inducement he promised that she could have the best corner of his lodge, hunt by his side, and eat with him, while the dark squaw was to hush the pappoose, cook the food, carry the game, plant and hoe the corn, and provide wood and water. Miss Bishop, a little in fear of the "green-eyed monster," even if the other chimant did hold an inferior position, declined the distinction. The Indian then begged a dollar to buy a shirt, and left with a haughty air. Next day he was drunk. But Miss Bishop's associate almost fared worse; she had been only a few weeks in the country, and was ignorant of Indian customs; a young warrior, smitten with her called often; hoping to be rid of him she gave him a ring: he interpreted it as a token of partiality, and returned to take her to his lodge; the next day he again returned with six young braves to compel her to go with him. Explanations and interference saved her.

A MONSTER RATTLESNAKE KILLED.—Mrs. Cleveland, two miles south of this city, killed a rattlesnake while in the act of coming out of her cellar on Saturday evening, shortly after dark. She was first attracted by a hissing sound and the rattling of his tail coming out of the hatchway, when she proceeded to the barn and obtained a shovel wherewith she returned, and seizing a candle in one hand and the shovel with the other she sought out his snakeship, and decapitated him on the hatchway. The snake measured about seven feet in length and about five inches in circumference, and possessed seven rattles in his tail. Mr. Marshal Dyer has him in possession. It is doubtful, whether many of the sterner sex would be found courageous enough to seek combat with a rattlesnake armed with rattles in his tail, with no other implements of war than a piece of candle and a short-handled shovel.—[Syracuse Courier.

A HORRIBLE FIRE.—A correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, writing from New Auburn, Minn., July 14th, states that on the previous night the residence of Mr. Ernest Charles was consumed by fire.—The family were obliged to leave the house in their night-clothes, and the mother was under the necessity of throwing her three children—the youngest three months old—from an upper window, and then making her escape in the same way. A brother of Mr. Charles, perished from suffocation. Mrs. Charles is so badly burned that it is feared she will not recover, and one of the children is in danger.

THE WAGES OF FLUNKYISM.—The Hon. James B. Foley, of Indiana, who opposed the Lecompton fraud until the Conference Committee patched up the English substitute, and then gave in his adhesion to that measure, has been thrown overboard by the Democracy of his district, and a Mr. Holman nominated, as an "Anti-Lecompton Democrat," to succeed him. Thus poor Mr. Foley, in his zeal to please the Administration, has sacrificed himself.

☞ A person who was recently called in court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was *out of danger?*

"No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient *in danger* as long as the doctor continued his visits!"

☞ The Illinois Journal asks if we can "throw any light on kissing." We don't care to. The thing is as well in the dark.

POETRY.

TO WILLIAM.

BY E. L. BICKNELL.

"A few sweet lines," a little thing,
And yet it seemeth more to me,
For such a little offering
Hath much to do with memory.
We cherish it with fondest care,
And look at it in after years;
We o'er it raise the silent prayer,
And bathe it oft with secret tears.

'Twill call to mind an absent one,
Whose present we may long have lost,
Even when their earthly race is run,
And manly forms in dust have slept;
Or bring again the friends who sought,
In distant lands, a brighter home,
And gave that gift, as pledge of thought
For them, when brighter days should come.

Ah! visions dim, and scenes all past,
Will crowd full thick upon the brain,
And gath'ring still, like rain-drops fast,
We live each hour all o'er again.
No matter what the gift may be,
A costly gem or lock of hair,
Still, with a faithful heart, 'will be
The object of as tender care.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

"Halt!" cried my traveling companion. "Property overboard!"

The driver pulled up his horses; and before I could prevent him, Westwood leaped down from the vehicle, and ran back for the article that had been dropped.

It was a glove,—my glove, which I had inadvertently thrown out, in taking my handkerchief from my pocket.

"Go on driver!" and he tossed it into my hand as he resumed his seat in the open stage.

"Take your reward," I said offering him a cigar; "but beware of rendering me another such service!"

"If it had been your hat or your handkerchief, be sure I should have let it lie where it fell. But a glove,—that is different. I once found a romance in a glove. Since then, gloves are sacred." And Westword gravely bit off the end of his cigar.

"A romance? Tell me about that. I am tired of this endless article—this country, these regular ground-swells; and it's a good two-hours' ride yet to yonder headland, which juts out into yonder prairie between us and the setting sun. Meanwhile your romance.

"Did I say romance? I fear you would hardly think it worthy of the name," said my companion. "Every life has its romantic episodes, or, at least, incidents which appear such to him who experiences them. But these tender little histories are usually insipid enough when told. I have a maiden aunt, who once came so near having an offer from a pale stripling, with dark hair, seven years her junior, that to this day she often alludes to the circumstances, with the remark, that she wishes she knew some competent novel-writer in whom she could confide, feeling sure that the story of that period of her life would make the groundwork of a magnificent work of fiction. Possibly I inherit my aunt's tendency to magnify into extraordinary proportions trifles which I look at through the double convex lens of a personal interest. So don't expect to much of my romance, and you shall hear it.

"I said I found it in a glove. It was by no means a remarkably glove,—middle-sized, straw-colored, and a neat fit for this hand, in which I now hold your very excellent cigar. Of course there was a young lady in the case;—let me see,—I don't believe I can tell you the story," said Westwood, "after all!"

I gently urged him to proceed.

"Pshaw!" said he, after kindling his cigar with a few vigorous whiffs, "what the use of being foolish? My aunt was never diffident about telling her story, and why should I hesitate to tell mine? The young lady's name,—we'll call her simply Margaret. She was a blonde with hazel eyes and dark hair. Perhaps you never heard of a blonde with hazel eyes and dark hair? She was the only one I ever saw; and there was the finest contrast imaginable between her fair, fresh complexion and her superb tresses and delicately-traced eyebrows. She was certainly lovely, if not handsome; and—such eyes! It was an event in one's life, Sir, just to look through those luminous windows into her soul. That could not happen every day, be sure! Sometimes for weeks she kept them turned from me, the ivory shutters half-closed, or the mystic curtains of reserve drawn within; then, again, when I was tortured with unsatified yearnings, almost ready to despair, she would suddenly turn them upon me, the shutters thrown wide, the curtains away, and a flood of radiance streaming forth that filled me so full of light and gladness that I had no shadowy nook left in me for a doubt to hide in. She must have been conscious of this power of expression.—She used it so sparingly, and it seemed to me, artfully! But I always forgave her when she did use it, and cherished resentment only when she did not.

"Margaret was shy and proud; I could never completely win her confidence; but I knew, I knew that her heart was mine. And a deep, tender, woman's heart it was, too, depite her reserve.—Without many words, we understood each other, and so ——— Pshaw!" said Westwood, "my cigar is out!"

"On with the story."

"Well, we had our lovers' quarrels, of course. Singular, what foolish children love makes us!—rendering us sensitive, jealous, exacting, in the superlative degree. I am sure, we were both amiable and forbearing towards all the world besides; but for the powerful reason that we loved, we were bound to misinterpret words, looks, and actions, and wound each other on every convenient occasion. I was pained by her attentions to others, or perhaps by an apparent preference of a book or bouquet to me. Retaliation on my part and quiet persistence on hers continued, to estrange us, until I generally ended by conceeded everything, and pleading for one word of kindness, to end my misery.

"I was wrong,—too quick to resent, too ready to concede. No doubt, it was to her a secret gratification to exercise her power over me; and at last I was convinced that she wounded me purposely, in order to provoke a temporary estrangement and enjoy a repetition of her triumph.

"It was at a party; the thing she did was to waltz with a man whom she knew I detested, whom I knew she could not respect and whose half-embrace, as he whirled her in the dance, almost put murder into my thought.

"'Margaret, said I 'one last word! If you care for me beware!'

"That was a foolish speech, perhaps.—It was certainly ineffectual. She persisted, looking so calm and composed that a great weight fell upon my heart. I walked away; I wandered about the saloons; I tried to gossip and be gay; but the wound was too deep.

"I accompanied her home, late in the evening. We scarcely spoke by the way. At the door, she looked me sadly in the face,—she gave me her hand; I thought it trembled.

"'Good-night!' she said, in a low voice.

"'Good-bye!' I answered, coldly, and hurried from the house.

"It was some consolation to hear her close the door after I had reached the [illegible] she had been listening to my footsteps.—But I was very angry. I made stern resolutions; I vowed to myself that I would wring her heart, and never swerve from my purpose until I had wrung out of it abundant drops of sorrow and contrition. How I succeeded you shall hear.

"I had previously engaged her to attend a series of concerts with me; an arrangement which I did now regret, and for good reasons. Once a week, with famous punctuality, I called for her, escorted her to the concert-room, and carefully reconducted her home,—letting no opportunity pass to show her a true gentleman's deference and respect,—conversing with her freely about music, books anything, in short, except what we both knew to be deepest in each other's thoughts. Upon other occasions, I avoided her and even refrained from going to places where she was expected,—especially where she knew that I knew she was expected.

"Well," continued Westwood, "My designs upon her heart, which I was going to wring so unmercifully, did not meet with very brilliant success. To confess the humiliating truth, I soon found that I was torturing myself a good deal more than I was torturing her. As a last and desperate resort, what do you think I did?"

"You probably asked her to ask your forgiveness."

"Not I! I have a will of adamant, as people, find, who tear away the amiable flowers and light soil that cover it; and she had reached the impenetrable, firm rock. I neither made any advances towards a reconciliation nor invited any. But I'll tell you what I did do, as a final trial of her heart. I had, for some time, been meditating a European tour, and my interest in her had alone kept me at come. Some friends of mine were to sail early in the spring, and I now resolved to accompany them. I don't know how much pride and spite there was in the resolution,—probably a good deal. I confess I wished to make her suffer,—to show her that she had calculated too much upon my weakness,—that I could be strong and happy without her. Yet with all this bitter and vindictive feeling, I listened to a very sweet and tender whisper in my heart, which said, 'Now, if her love speaks out,—now, if she says to me one true, kind, womanly word,—she shall go with me, and nothing shall ever take her from me again!' The thought of what might be, if she would but say that word and of what must be, irrevocably, if her pride held out, shook me mightily. But my resolution was taken: I would trust the rest to fate.

"On the day of the last concert, I imparted the secret of my intended journey to a person who, I felt tolerably sure, would rush at once to Margaret with the news. Then, in the evening, I went for her; I was conscious that my manner towards her was a little more tender, or rather, a little less coldly courteous, that night, than it had usually been of late; for my feelings were softened, and I had never seen her so lovely. I had never before known what a treasure I was about to lose. The subject of my voyage was not mentioned, and if she had heard of it, she accepted the fact without the least visible concern. Her quietness under the circumstances chilled me,—disheartened me quite. I am not one of those who can give much superfluous love, or cling with unreasonable, blind passion to an object that yields no affection in return. A quick and effectual method of curing a fancy in persons of my temperment is to teach them that it is not reciprocated. Then it expires like a flame cut off from the air, or a plant removed from the soil. The death-struggle, the uprooting, is the painful thing; but when the heart is thoroughly convinced that its love is misplaced, it gives up, with one last sigh as big as fate, sheds a few tears, says a prayer or two, thanks God for the experience, and becomes wiser, calmer,—yes, and a happier heart than before."

"True," I said; "but our hearts are not thus easily convinced."

"Ay, there's the rub. It is for want of a true perception. There cannot be a true love without a true perception.—Love is for the soul to know, from its own intuition,—not for the understanding to believe, from the testimony of those very unreliable witnesses, called eyes and ears. This seems to have been my case,—my soul was aware of her love, and all the evidence of my external senses could not altogether destroy that interior faith.—But that evening I said,—' I believe you now, my senses! I doubt you now, my soul! —she never loved me!' So I was really very cold towards her—for about twenty minutes.

"I walked home with her,—we were both silent; but at the door she asked me to go in. Here my calmness deserted me, and I could hardly hold my heart, while I replied,—

"'If you particularly wish it.'

"'If I did not, I should not ask you,' she said; and I went in.

"I was ashamed and was vexed at myself for trembling so,—for I was in a tremor from head to foot. There was company in the parlors,—some of Margaret's friends came and sat by my side.

"'I suppose,' said one,' Mr. Westwood has been telling Margaret all about it.'

"'About what?' Margaret inquired,—and hear the truth flashed upon me,—the news of my proprosal voyage had not yet reached her! She looked at me with a troubled questioning expression, and said,—

"'I felt that something was going to happen. Tell me what it is.'

"I answered,—'Your friend can best explain what she means.'

"Then out came the secret. A shock of surprise sent the color from Margaret's face; and raising her eyes, she asked, quite calmly, but in a low and unnatural tone,—

"'Is this so?'

"I said, 'I suppose I cannot deny it.'

"'Your are really going?'

"She could not hide her agitation.—Her white face betrayed her. Then I was glad, wickedly glad, in my heart,—and vain enough to be gratified that others should behold and know I held a power over her. Well,—but I suffered for that folly.

"'I feel hurt,' she said, after a little while, 'because you have not told me this. You have no sister,' (this was spoken very quietly,) 'and it would have been a privilege for me to take a sister's place, and do for you those little things which sisters do for brothers who are going on a long journeys.'

"I was choaked;—it was a minute before I could speak. Then I said that I saw no reason why she should tax her time or thoughts to do anything for me.

"'Oh, you know,' she said, 'you have been kind to me,—so much kinder than I have deserved!'

"It was unendurable,—the pathos of the words! I was blinded, stifled,—I almost groaned aloud. If we had been alone, there our trial would have ended. I should have snatched her to my soul. But the eyes of others were upon us, and I steeled myself.

"'Besides I said, 'I know of nothing that you can do for me.'

"'There must be many little things;—to begin with, there is your glove, which you are taring to pieces.'

"True, I was tearing my glove,—she was calm enough to observe it! That made me angry.

"'Give it to me; I will mend it for you. Haven't you other gloves that need mending?'

"I, who had triumphed, was humbled. My heart was breaking,—and she talked of mending gloves! I did not omit to thank her. I coldly arose to go.

"Well, I felt now that it was all over. The next day I secured my passage in the steamer in which my friends were to sail. I took pains that Margaret should hear of that, too. Then came the preparations for travel,—arranging affairs, writing letters, providing myself with a compact and comfortably outfit. Europe was in prospect,—Paris, Switzerland, Italy, lands to which my dreams had long since gone before me, and to which I now turned my eyes with reawakening aspirations. A new glory arose upon my life, in the light of which Margaret became a fading star. It was so much easier than I had thought to give her up, to part from her! I found that I could forget her, in the excitement of a fresh and novel experience; while she—could she forget me? When lovers part, happy is he who goes! alas for the one he has left behind!

"One day as I was busy with the books which I was to take with me, a small package was handed in I need not tell you that I experienced a thrill, when I saw Margaret's handwriting upon the wrapper. I tore it open,—and what think you I found? My glove! Nothing else. I smiled bitterly, to see how neatly she had mended it; then I sighed; then I said, 'It is finished!' and tossed the glove disdainfully into my trunk.

"On the day before that fixed for the sailing of the steamer, I made farewell calls upon my friends,—among others, upon Margaret. But, through the perversity of pride and will, I did not go alone,—I took with me Joseph, a mutual acquaintance, who was to be my *compagnon de voyage*. I felt some misgivings, to see how Margaret had changed; she was so softened, and so pale!

"The interview was a painful one, and I cut it short. As we were going out, she gently detained me, and said,—

"'Did you receive—your glove?'

"'Oh, yes,' I said, and thanked her for mending it.

"'And is this all—all you have to say?' she asked.

"'I have nothing more to say—except goodbye.'

"No,—it is useless to talk of the past, Margaret; and the future—may you be happy!—Goodbye!'

"I thought she would speak; I could not believe she would let me go; but she did! I bore up well until night. Then came a revulsion. I walked three times past the house, wofully tempted, my love and my will at cruel warefare; but I did not go in. At midnight I saw the light in her room extinguished; I knew she had retired, but whether to sleep, or weep or pray—how could I tell? I went home. I did not close my eyes that night. I *such* a night.

"The steamer was to sail at ten. The bustle of embarkation; strange scenes and strange faces; parting from friends; the ringing of the bell; last adieus,—some who were to go with us, hurrying abroad, others, who were to stay behind, as hastily going ashore; the withdrawal of the plank,—sad sight to many eyes! casting off the lines, the steamer swinging heavily around, the rushing, irregular motion of the great, slow paddles; the waving of handkerchiefs from the decks, and the responsive signals from the lining of the wharf; off at last,—the faces of friends, the crowd, the piers, and, lastly, the city itself, fading from sight; the dash of spray, the freshening breeze, the novel sight of our little world detaching itself and floating away; the feeling that America was past, and Europe was next;—all this filled my mind with animation and excitement which shut out the thoughts of Margaret. Could I have looked with clairvoyant vision, and beheld her then, locked in her chamber, should I have been so happy? Oh, what fools vanity and pride makes of us? Even then, with my heart high-strung with hope and courage, had I known the truth, I should have abandoned my friends, the voyage, and Europe, and returned in the pilot's boat, to find something more precious than all the continents and countries of the globe, in the love of the heart which I was carelessly away."

Here Westwood took breath. The sun was now almost set. The prairie was still and cool; the shadows of the green and flowered undulations filled the hollow, like a rising tide; the headland seen so far and small, was growing gradually large and near; and the horses moved at a quicker pace. Westwood lighted his cigar drew a few whiffs, and proceeded.

(To be concluded next week.)

☞ Gerrit Smith is out among the "Woman's Rights" crew. He wrote a letter to the "Dress Reform Convention" lately held in Western New York, apologizing for his non-appearance as a speaker and adding "I am 61 years old—my life has been full of labors. I have felt all the older since my terrible fever last fall. I trust your meeting will be a good one. Oh, when will woman have too much self-respect to indulge in this dress foolery?—How ashamed she would be of man was he to indulge in it? and were he to put on hoops and dress his hair and deck his neck and ears with jewels? In spite of her vanity, woman holds herself in very low esteem. She does not think of comparing herself in dignity with him. The comparison would put at end to this trifling with herself, and to this sad and shameful self-degradation."

☞ Ladies don't know whether they like smoking or not. With special favorites, they like it; with general favorites, they don't like it; and with no favorites, they detest it.

☞ Fine showers now days.